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Domestic happiness! thou only bliss
of Paradise, that has survi'd the fall!
COWPER.

To scenes of tenderness and felicity, love and affection; where care has not found much entrance, and peace has for years successively reigned; the mind turns with an

eagerness of pleasure, when nothing but the memory of them remains, and themselves have ceased to exist. The remembrance of bliss that is departed, and enjoyment forever fled, sheds a sort of heavenly splendor over the calamities and misfortunes, the griefs and sorrows of this present state.

The home of youthful tranquillity, where all was gay, and all was joyful, has been the consolation of manhood in the cares of the world, and old age in the decrepitude of declining years. The love of our parental guardians;

the amusements of our infant years; the companions of our pleasures, and the partners of our pursuits, rise up in continual phantoms before us, when themselves no longer can be obtained.

It seems a curious fact, that tho' repeated experience has shown us the unpleasantness of all scenes but home, yet our restless spirits are ever wandering to foreign fields, and navel regions. Yet, in whatever realms our steps are led, in palaces of festivity, or abbeys of repose, the thoughts are irresistibly led to regret

the asylume have left, for the fancied pleasures we have pursued.

These remarks are made to preface a few lines of complaint, which we have received from an anonymous correspondent, and submit to the judgment of our readers. The main subject is, as will readily be perceived, regret for the loss of HOME.

'TIS night, and o'er the hollow dale,
The gathering shades of ev'ning close,
When warbling songsters cease their tale,
On hawthorn hedge, or scented rose.

Yet welcome now this glimm'ring light,
With tranquil, melancholy ray,
Sad emblem of the ills that blight,
The pensive stranger's distant way.

 Verses from a Correspondent.

Here, with impatient steps I stray'd,
From bowers of bliss, Groves of plead,
To seek the joys which fancy made,
In hours of pleasure, health, and ease.

In long-hod scenes of youthful days,
Affection turn'd each infant song,
High virtue walk'd her hallow'd ways,
And quiet call'd her chosen throng.

Sweet seasons fled! this sorrowing heart
Now seeks the prize it cannot find,
While mem'ry's fading visions start,
alternate on the torture'd mind.

Where, mid the maze of foreign climes,
Has pleasure wak'd so sweet a strain,
as that which rose in other times,
To lighten woe, and solace pain?

From golden spire, and circling dome,
From blooming lawn, or woodland glade,
Repining sorrow turns to home,
And pants for each familiar shade.

These trembling feet have track'd the ground
Of struggling valor's deeds of praise,
Where ancient lyrists struck the sound,
Of pleasure's tone, or pity's lays.

Yet here, in glory's pictur'd way,
These eyes no living charms can see,
Since friendship's voice has cleas'd its sway,
Nor love, nor peace, remain for me.

In festive halls let mirth prolong,
Her vigils thro' the midnight hour;
But spritely dance, and echoing song,
Have yielded all their matchless power

To other scenes this aching breast,
In swift remembrance fondly flies,
To noiseless vales, & shores of rest,
Where wisdom lives, and passion dies.

For home, while cank'ring care destroys,
The slaves of folly, guilt, and fame,
Invites to share her secret joys,
With settled heart, & spotless name.

When genius and ambition had formed legislators, and men were enticed from their wandering restlessness to establish themselves in walls of safety, their home became indeed a blessed and sacred asylum. Before overstrained civilisation had laid with her gorgeous blazonry the simplicity of the elder times, the Lares were divinities whose sanctity it was sacrilege

to violate. The rites of hospitality were recognised as the most holy; and the hearth was the throne of peace.

But as cities become commercial, and increase in inhabitants and wealth, among the vast majority of people, Home loses many of its associations. Man becomes, by a strange retrogradation, as unsettled as his ancestors who once wandered over deserts, and pitched their tents where accident directed. Every year, or every quarter, he changes his domicil. And every day presents its lamentable spectacle of the sacred privacy of home, torn open and presented to the world, by the unfeeling landlord and the cobblestone executioners of law. This is one of the scenes presented most frequently in this age of refinement; a scene, most revolting to every asso-

viation of the heart.

That Agriculture makes the best patriots, is an axiom acknowledged by all, and illustrated by a series of glorious examples, from Cincinnatus to Washington. From the fireside where succeeding generations have been reared and sheltered; from the fields that have been tilled by sire and son for ages, came the undaunted yeomanry of a country, who alone can be said to fight "pro aris et focis."

The happiness of the rural home is finely described by Lucretius. We shall conclude this number with an attempt to translate his description.

I

How blest the man, who still content
His fleeting hours and years hath spent,
In fields his own, his birthright-time,
A born the Tyrant never knew.

II

His guardian wolf, that saw the child
Pursue each airy gambol wild,
In veteran age its shelter gives,
His home, his castle, while he lives.

III

Now bending low, with tottering step,
On that same floor that saw him creep,
The simple annals he recalls,
The story of the lowly walls.

IV

No roving wish hath lur'd him far,
To brave the storms of fortune's war;
On distant shore, by stream unknown,
His living march was never thrown.

V

The shark of storms and empire's gain,
He dreaded near the fickle main;

From discord far and tumult, nèer
The hoise of courts he learnt to fear.
The hum of cities still unheard,
The silent vale his choice preferr'd.

VI

His years by fields he learnt to trace,
And not by change of power and place;
The golden fruits the fall proclaim,
And robe in flowery garb spring came.

VII

He marks the ort of waning day,
Or circling hills no longer play;
Or the same steeps he sees him rise,
Bright flaming in the eastern skies.
So metes he in that glittering arch,
Of light and warmth the daily march.

VIII

He marks the patriarch of the wood,
That erst a flexile sapling stood,

When in his youth – but with his years,
Its towring stem it nobly upreares;
Grows with his growth, and, towring high
Seems ripening with him for the sky.

Q & S.